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51  
JUL

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



# image® COMICS PRESENTS: "FREEFALL"



In Memory of:  
**JACK ABEL**

#### Spawn #50 Summary:

Cogliostro explains to Al that if he uses any of his powers it could ultimately lead to his being returned to Hell and Cog reveals that he, too, is a Spawn. Meanwhile, Terry is in the hospital recuperating from the accident where Wanda finds out about Terry's secret doctor visits. When test results reveal that Terry has a malignant brain tumor, Granny Blake asks Al to help him. Al's hatred for Terry conflicts with his love for Wanda and his honeymoon promise to keep her happy. After Terry slips into a coma, Al sacrifices his power to restore Terry's health and Wanda's happiness, realizing that Wanda is lost to him forever. The drain of power thrusts Al to Hell's second level. Devoid of a purpose for living, Spawn submits to being attacked by vile creatures whose mission is to drain Spawn of his life sustaining necroplasm. Then suddenly, memories of past injustices provoke Al into a rage and he rises to fight again.

FOR IMAGE COMICS  
**LARRY MARDER** - exec. director

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CHECK OUT THE SPAWN WEB SITE AT... <http://www.spawn.com>

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FRAGMENTED INTO A THOUSAND  
SECTIONS SPREAD ALL ACROSS THE  
NINE LEVELS, THE CATACOMBS OF  
HELL OFFER EVERY VARIANT OF  
MACABRE SCENERY IMAGINABLE.

THIS IS ONE SUCH SLIVER.

IT HAS BEEN CALLED BY  
MANY NAMES, THIS  
NIGHTMARE PLACE, AND  
YET IT REMAINS  
NAMELESS, OWING TO  
THE LIMITS OF THE  
HUMAN TONGUE,  
THE FRAGILITY OF  
THE HUMAN MIND.

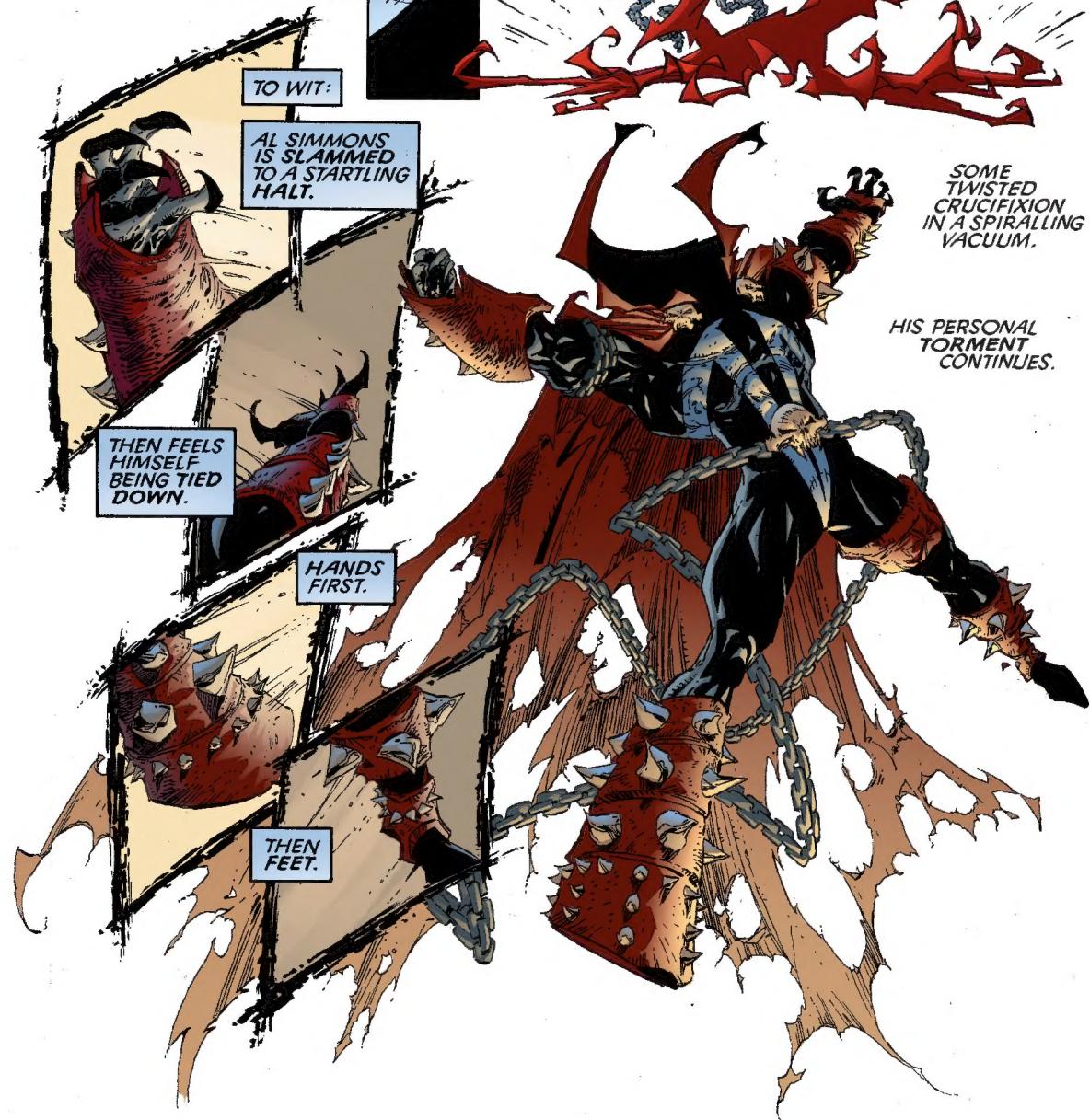
AND IN SOME  
DARK, VILE  
CORNER OF  
SATAN'S PLAY-  
GROUND, THE  
DAMNED  
WHISPER OF  
WHAT IS  
POSSIBLY THE  
HARSHEST  
LEVEL OF ALL:

THE **FOURTH.**

EARTH'S CURRENT  
HELLSPAWN IS ABOUT  
TO BECOME ITS  
NEWEST VICTIM.



HERE, HUMANITY'S GREATEST SINS AND ATROCITIES ARE LAID OUT TO BE WITNESSED BY THE UNFORTUNATE FEW... BEFORE EVEN THIS BECOMES MUNDANE. IT'S NOT WHAT IS SEEN THAT MAKES THIS DOMAIN SO HELLISH--BUT WHAT IS FELT.





STRUGGLE AS HE MAY,  
HIS INVISIBLE BONDS HOLD  
FAST.

WHATEVER HE  
HIT--WHATEVER  
PINS HIM--FEELS  
TANGIBLE.  
FORMIDABLE.  
HIS EYES TELL  
HIM OTHERWISE.

A PRIVATE  
ONE. SAVED  
EXCLUSIVELY  
FOR HIM.

THEN, THE NOISE:  
HIS FIRST CLUE,  
AND THE SECOND:  
PAIN.

IT GROWS  
SHARPER AS  
THE SYMBIOTIC  
COSTUME,  
ATTACHED TO  
HIS NECROPLASMIC  
NERVES, BEGINS  
TO PEEL ITSELF  
FROM ITS HOST.

DETACHMENT. HE'S  
BEEN THROUGH IT ONCE  
BEFORE, ON EARTH.

HE PRAYED HE'D  
NEVER HAVE TO LIVE  
THROUGH THAT AGAIN.  
UNFORTUNATELY,  
PLEADING FOR GOD'S  
MERCY ISN'T  
PERMITTED HERE.

NOT IN ANY SHAPE OR FORM.

BUT OTHERS ARE GLAD FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT-- SUCH AS THE LATEST UNHOLY RULER OF THIS TERRITORY.

AWWWH... THERE YOU ARE!

GOOD.  
THEY SAID YOU  
WERE WAITING.  
SORRY FOR THE DELAY.  
I WAS JUST FINISHING  
UP SOME LAST-MINUTE  
SEWING.

NOW...  
SIMMONS IS  
YOUR NAME, I  
BELIEVE... IS  
THAT RIGHT?

SCREW  
YOU!

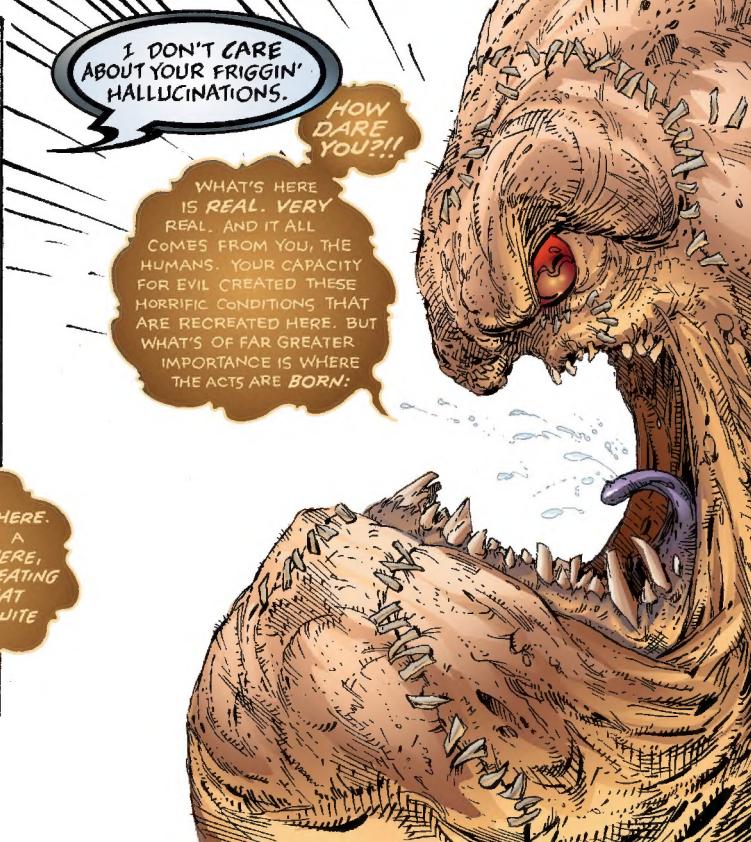
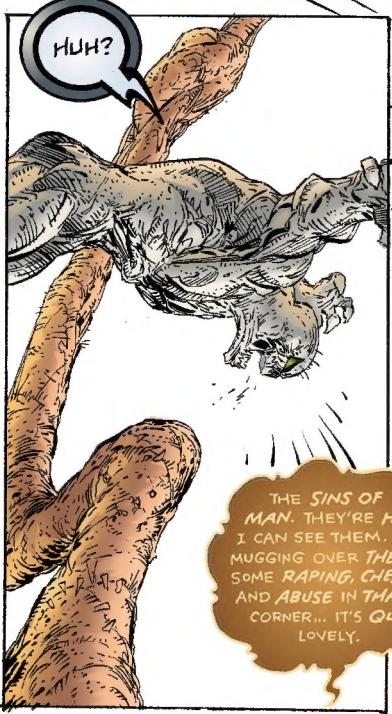
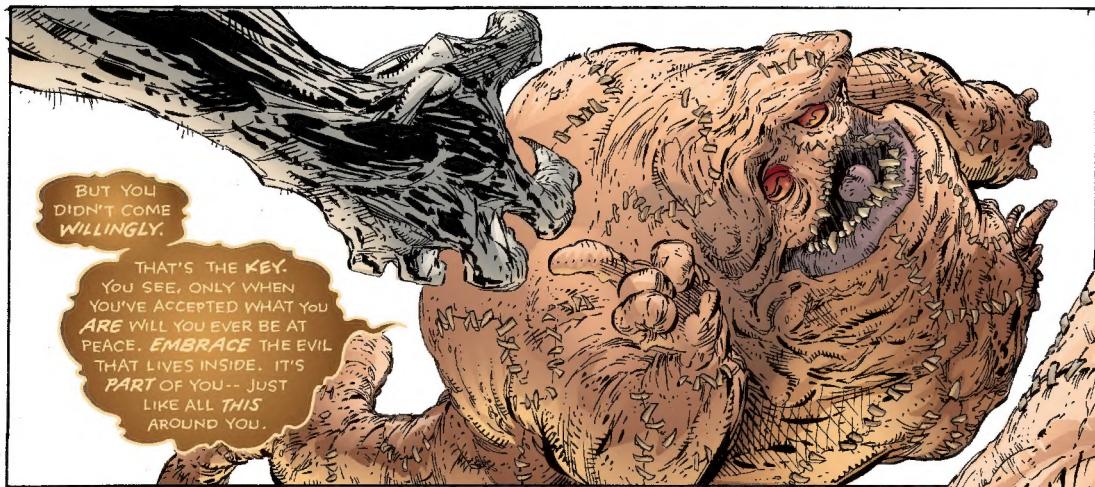
SPIRITED.  
THAT WAS  
ON YOUR  
RESUME.

THIS  
SHOULD BE  
A FUN  
SESSION.

YOU KNOW,  
IT'S NOT OFTEN  
WE GET TO DEAL  
WITH ONE OF  
MALEBOLGIA'S  
ELITE.

I THINK  
IT'S BEEN A  
COUPLE MILLENNIA  
SINCE THE LAST. BUT,  
WE'RE HERE FOR  
YOU, AREN'T  
WE?

NOW,  
WHERE WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO  
START? YOUR  
CHILDHOOD,  
PERHAPS?



IT'S THE SOUL.

YOU CAN'T SEE IT, YET IT'S FELT BY ALL. THAT'S WHAT THIS PLACE IS - A HOLDING TANK FOR DARK EMOTIONS.

WANDA.

THE ACTUAL PHYSICAL STUFF I LEAVE TO THE OTHER KINGDOMS. HERE, WE GET TO THE CORE OF PROBLEMS BY STRIPPING AWAY ALL THE BARNACLES.

SO THE EASY QUESTION IS, WHY ARE YOU HERE?

NOT QUITE. YES, IT DOES HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH LOVE, BUT NOT THE KIND YOU'RE THINKING OF.

IT'S DOWN TO YOUR LOVE OF KILLING.

YOU'RE WRONG.

REALLY?

THEN YOUR MIND'S BEEN CLOUDED. LET'S PULL THAT LAYER AWAY AND RECONSTRUCT A FEW MOMENTS FROM YOUR PAST.

GYAAA

YOUR  
FIRST KILL. DO  
YOU REMEMBER  
HIS FACE?

THAT WAS AN  
EASY ONE, WASN'T IT?  
BUT AS TIME MOVED ON, THE  
HABIT BECAME ENTRENCHED.  
YOUR DESIRE FOR MAYHEM  
DIDN'T NEED MUCH  
MOTIVATING.

SOON,  
INNOCENTS  
WERE CAUGHT IN THE  
CROSSFIRE. ALL THE WHILE,  
YOU FELT ABSOLVED  
BECAUSE, AS A GOOD  
SOLDIER, YOU WERE  
FOLLOWING ORDERS.

THEY  
DECORATED  
YOU MANY  
TIMES, FOR  
HEROISM.

IT FELT  
GOOD,  
DIDN'T  
IT?

UNFORTUNATELY,  
YOU WERE TOO  
SKILLED. SO, AS  
YOUR ASSIGNMENTS  
BECAME BLOODIER,  
YOUR VALUE  
INCREASED EXPON-  
ENTIALL Y HERE IN  
HELL.

YOUR  
SPECIAL KIND  
OF LOVE IS  
VERY RARE  
INDEED.

THEY'VE BEEN HEMMING AND HAWING FOR CLOSE TO AN HOUR NOW. THREE SPECIALISTS TRYING TO SOLVE ANOTHER MEDICAL MYSTERY...

HOW'RE YOU HOLDING UP, TERRY?

JUST PEACHY.

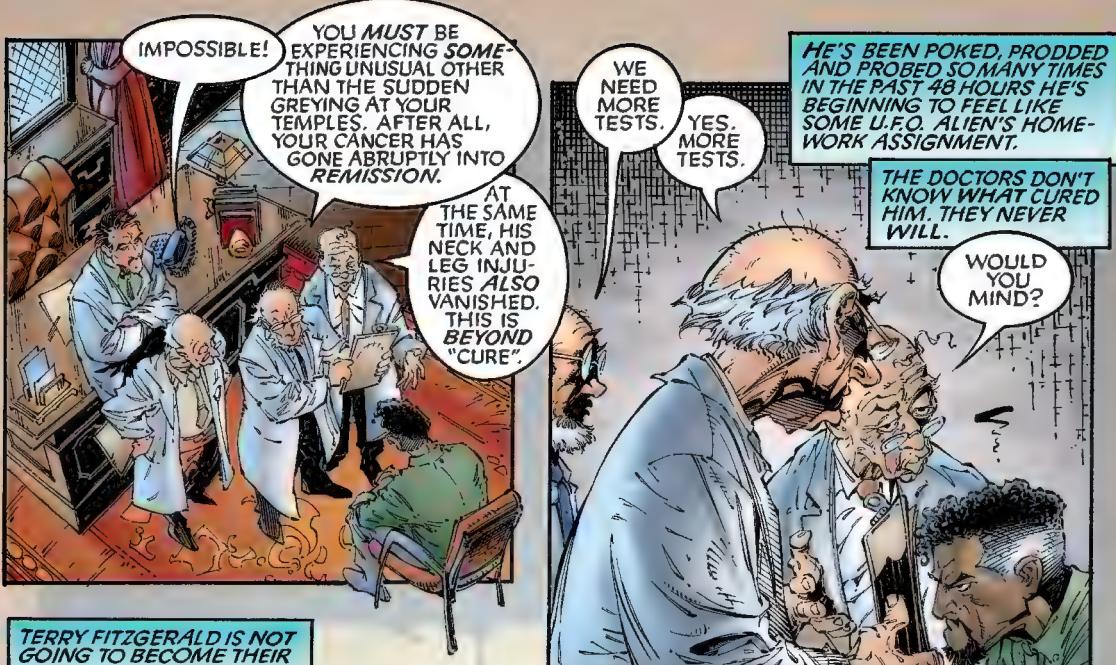
BUNCHA QUACKS.

AN INTERESTING THEORY, Dr. ROLLINS, THOUGH IT DOESN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT HIS FAIRLY UNREMARKABLE GENETIC MAKEUP.

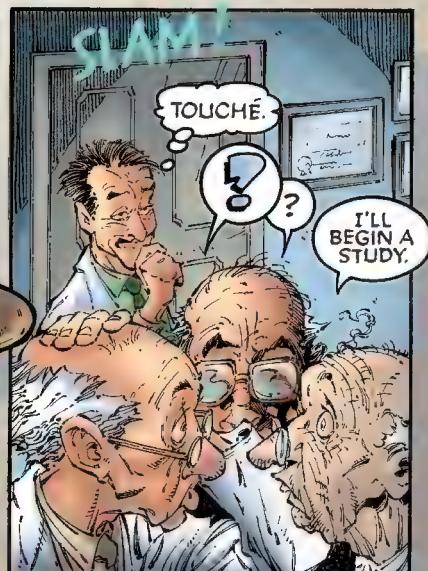
YES, WELL, SINCE THIS PHENOMENON HAS ONLY BEEN DOCUMENTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE GOVERNMENT'S SUPER-HUMANS, PERHAPS OUR PATIENT ISN'T WHAT HE APPEARS.

MY FEELINGS EXACTLY. MUCH AS WE'D LIKE TO QUANTIFY THIS MIRACULOUS RECOVERY, IT'S DIFFICULT TO KNOW HOW TO FRAME THE QUESTIONS. Mr. FITZ-GERALD, ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT ALL THE DATA WE HAVE IS CORRECT?

YUP.



TERRY FITZGERALD IS NOT GOING TO BECOME THEIR GUINEA PIG.





MAMA!  
DADDY!  
LOOK!

LIKE AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION,  
SHE ENTERS: CYAN, NAMED  
AFTER THE PUREST FORM OF  
BLUE. AS THE BLUE SKY  
BRINGS LIGHT TO EVERY  
DAY, SO DOES SHE.

HEY,  
SWEETIE,  
HOW ARE  
YOU?

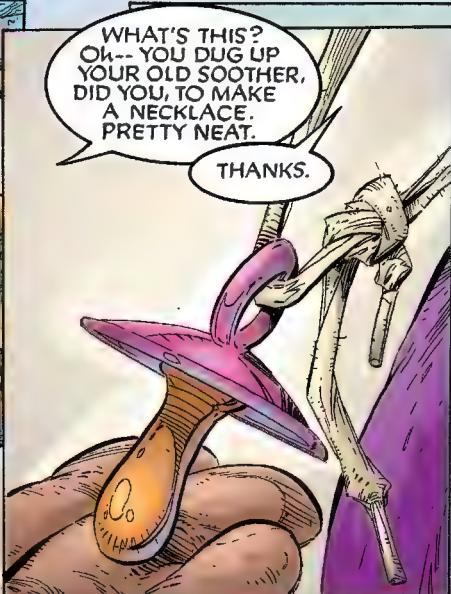
GOOD,  
MOMMA.

WHERE'S  
THE PUPPY,  
SHANNA?

GOING  
STINKY  
POO-POO.

WHAT'S THIS?  
OK-- YOU DUG UP  
YOUR OLD SOOTHER,  
DID YOU, TO MAKE  
A NECKLACE.  
PRETTY NEAT.

THANKS.

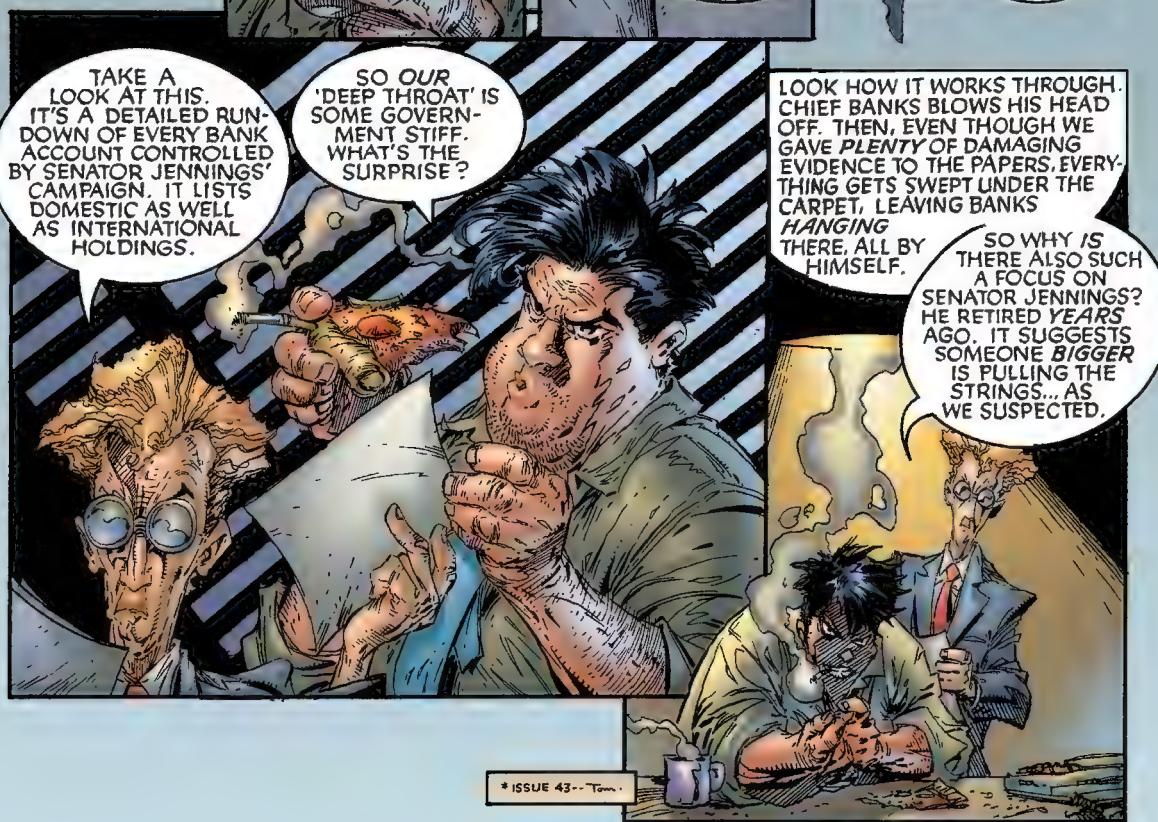
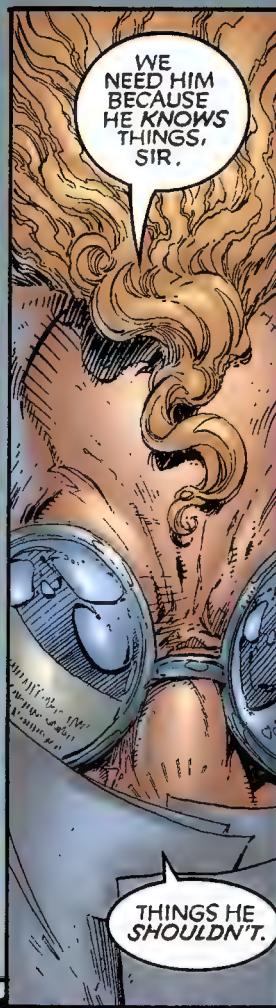


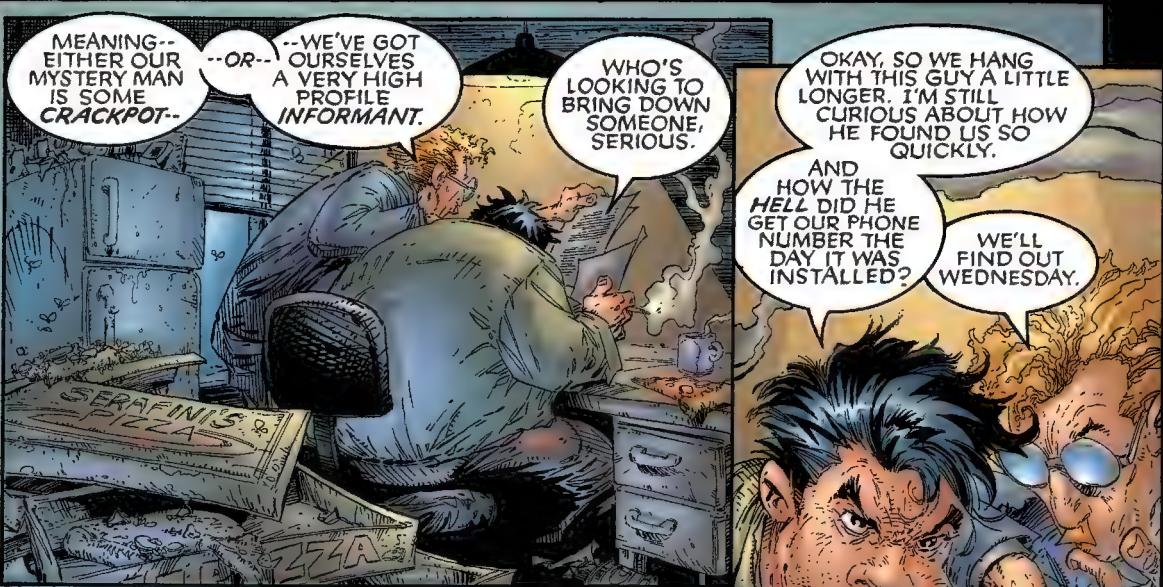
HERE,  
LET'S GET RID  
OF THAT FILTHY  
SHOELACE  
AND TIE IT WITH  
SOME KITE  
STRING.

IT'S  
MINE!!

OKAY!  
OKAY!  
WHERE'D  
YOU FIND  
THAT, ANY-  
WAYS?

AT  
HOSPITAL.\*





AND  
HOW THE  
HELL DID HE  
GET OUR PHONE  
NUMBER THE  
DAY IT WAS  
INSTALLED?

WE'LL  
FIND OUT  
WEDNESDAY.



I'D APPRECIATE A  
LITTLE CONSIDERATION  
NEXT TIME, SIR! EVEN  
HITLER GAVE A  
WARNING BEFORE  
HE ATTACKED!

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
NOTICES SOMETHING  
THING BELOW.

SIR, GRAB  
YOUR GUN,  
NOW!

WHAT  
IS IT?

A CAR!  
PARKED AROUND  
BACK! IT WASN'T  
THERE A FEW  
HOURS AGO--!

NOW  
WHO  
COULD  
THAT  
BE...?  
HEE  
HEE

TINK  
TINKLE

WE'RE  
ABOUT  
TO FIND  
OUT.

THE **CAR!**

DIDN'T YOU WONDER  
WHY I WASN'T  
BOthered WHEN YOUR  
CAR BLEw UP?\* AND  
HOW I DIDN'T BITCH  
EVEN ONCE WHEN WE  
HAD TO TAKE THOSE  
GODFORSAKEN CABS  
EVERWHERE?

SURPRISE!

Uh?

YOU  
LIKE  
IT?

LIKE  
WHAT?

WITH THE PRACTICED CAUTION OF A FIFTEEN-YEAR VET, TWITCH SWEEPS THE ALLEY IN A BEAT...

BAM

...FINDING NO ONE.

WHAT KIND OF IDIOT WOULD PARK THAT AROUND HERE?!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE MATURING.

NOPE!

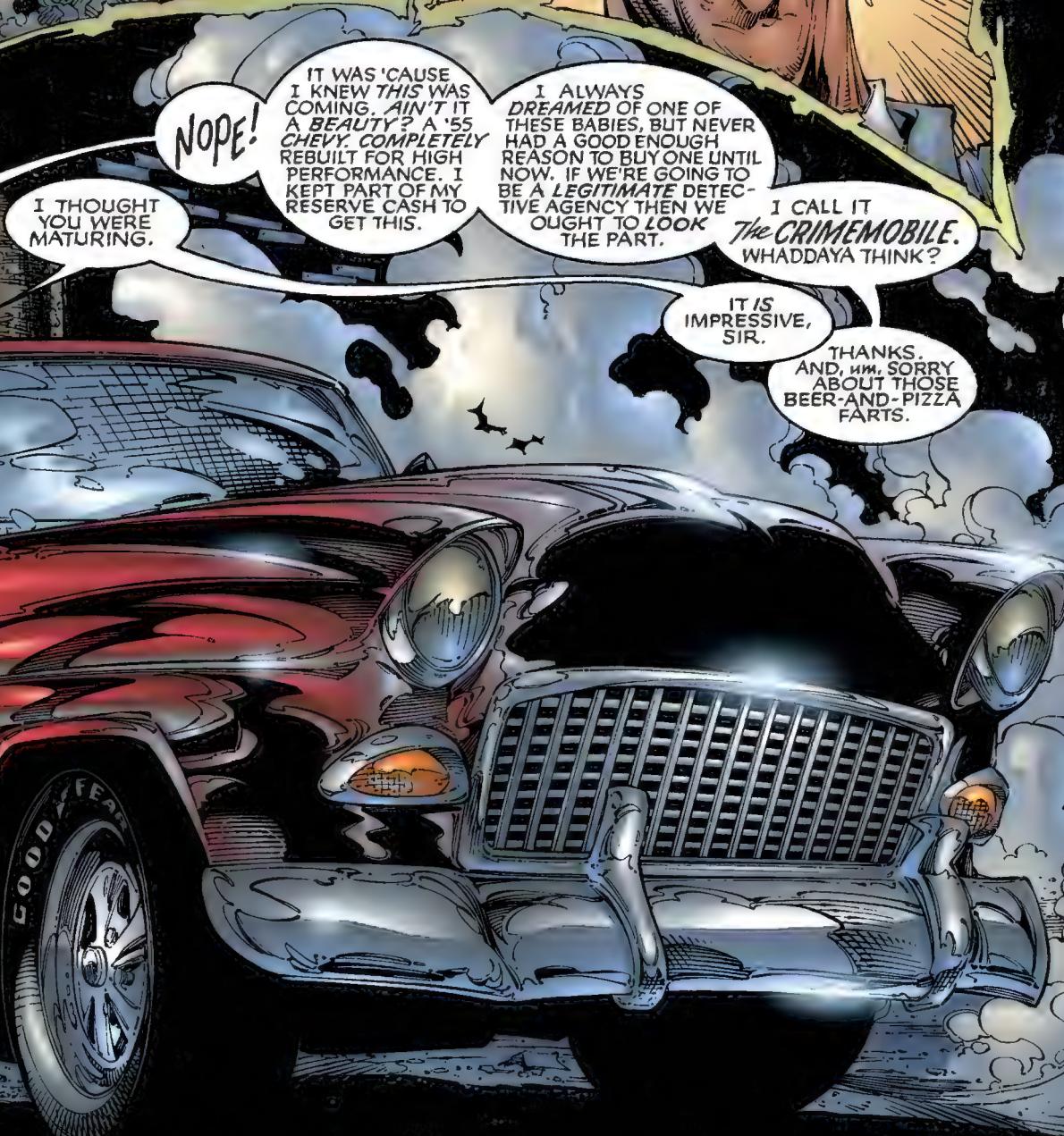
IT WAS 'CAUSE I KNEW THIS WAS COMING. AIN'T IT A BEAUTY? A '55 CHEVY. COMPLETELY REBUILT FOR HIGH PERFORMANCE. I KEPT PART OF MY RESERVE CASH TO GET THIS.

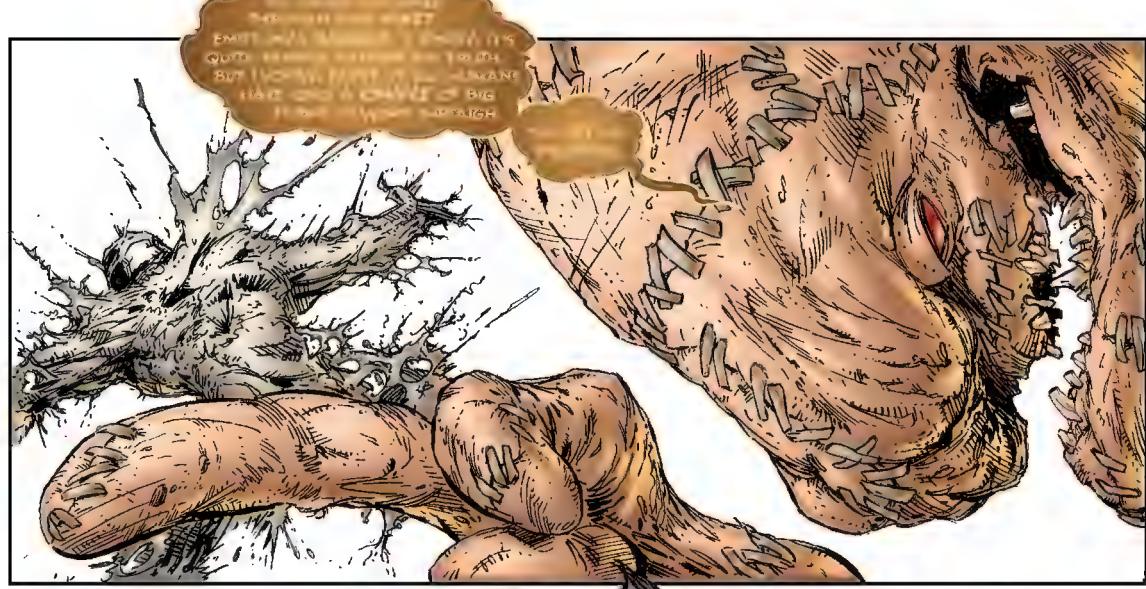
I ALWAYS DREAMED OF ONE OF THESE BABIES, BUT NEVER HAD A GOOD ENOUGH REASON TO BUY ONE UNTIL NOW. IF WE'RE GOING TO BE A LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE AGENCY THEN WE OUGHT TO LOOK THE PART.

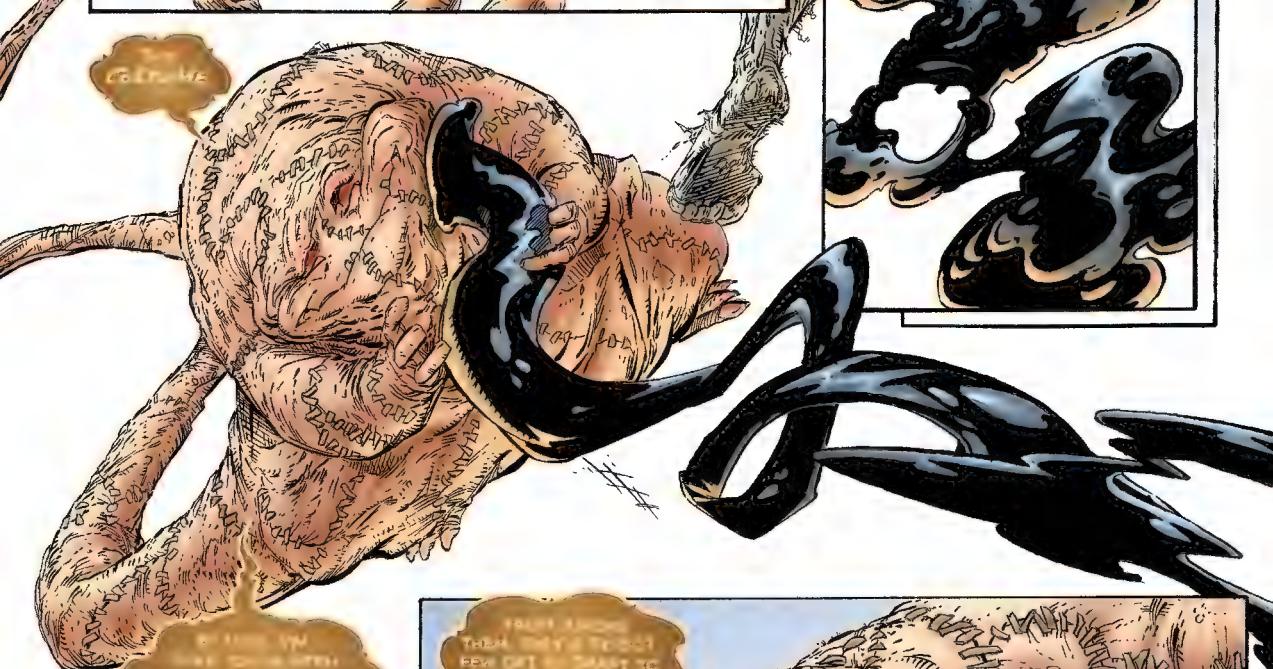
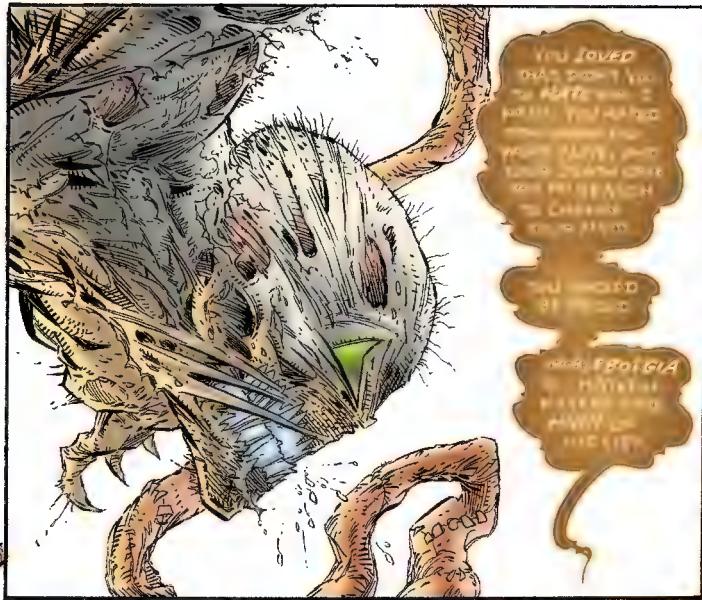
I CALL IT *The CRIMEMOBILE*. WHADDAYA THINK?

IT IS IMPRESSIVE, SIR.

THANKS. AND, UM, SORRY ABOUT THOSE BEER-AND-PIZZA FARTS.











REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU SAW HER...? IT TOOK YOU NEARLY FOUR DAYS TO GET UP THE NERVE TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF.

AND AFTER ALL THAT, ON YOUR FIRST FEW DATES SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM PARTICULARLY INTERESTED.

BEFORE LONG, THAT CHANGED. YOUR COURTSHIP, THE GIVE-AND-TAKE, SHOWED THE SYMPATHIES YOU BOTH EMBRACED.

THEN, IN ALMOST NO TIME, A FULL-BLOWN LOVE SPROUTED IN YOU BOTH. YOU GOT YOUR WISH, THAT YOU'D SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIVES TOGETHER.

AND ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS MAKE SURE THAT YOU'RE BOTH ICED.





IT ALL SEEMED SO  
PERFECT, DIDN'T IT? SO  
WHAT IF YOU COULDN'T  
FATHER ANY CHILDREN.  
SO WHAT IF YOUR SECRET  
ASSIGNMENTS TOOK YOU  
AWAY FOR WEEKS AT A  
TIME? LOVE WOULD  
CARRY YOU.



YOUR LOVE FOR BLOOD.  
YOUR LOVE FOR WANDA.

THEY EXPANDED SIMULTANEOUSLY.



ONE FOUGHT THE OTHER FOR PRIMACY.  
BECAUSE LOVE, AL, NEEDS A  
CONSTANT FLOW OF NOURISHMENT.  
SOMETHING HAD TO GIVE.



SURPRISE!  
IT WAS  
YOU.



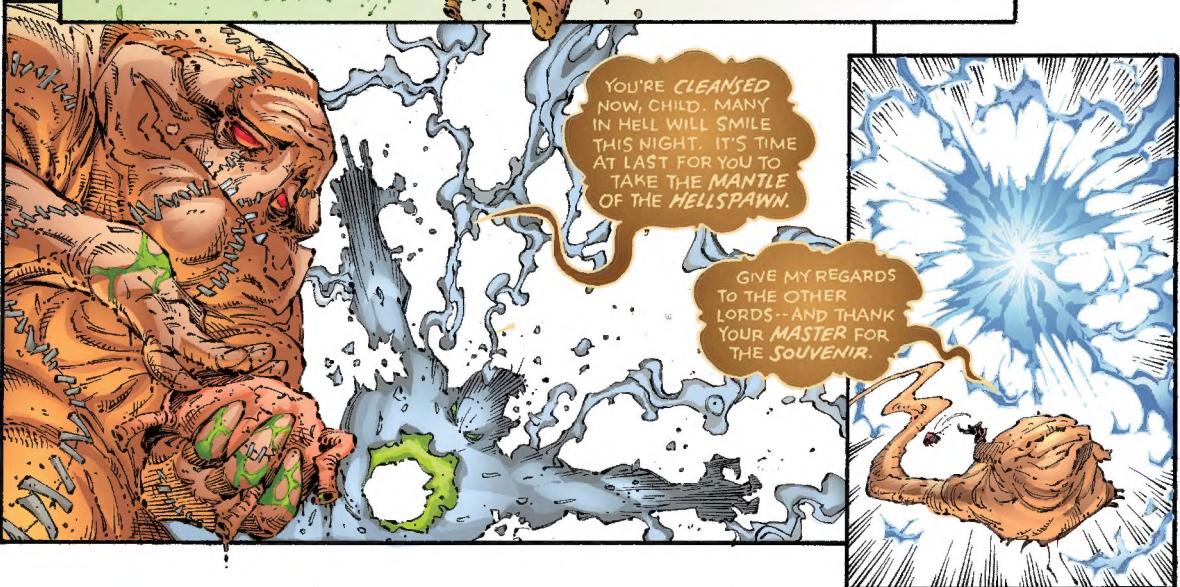
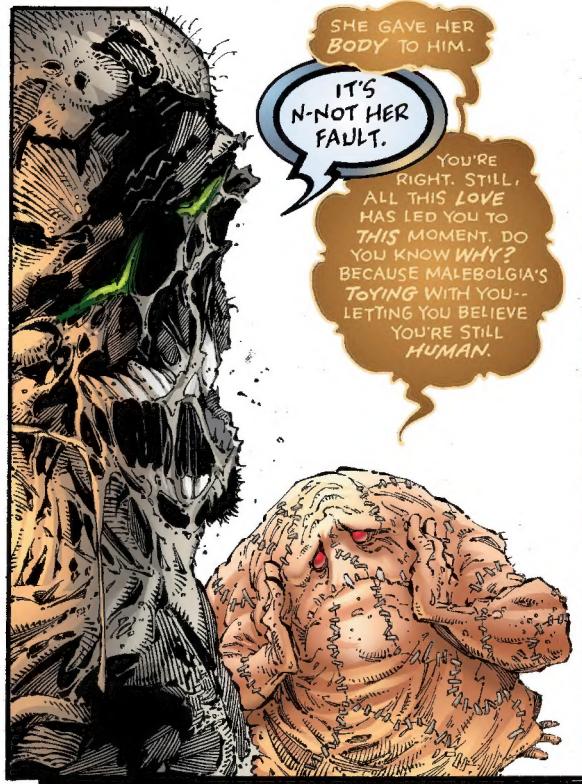
AT FIRST,  
WANDA MOURNED.  
HER HEART  
ACHED. A LOVING  
WIFE GOES  
THROUGH THAT.



SHE ALSO LOVED YOU SO  
MUCH THAT SHE THEN  
FOUND COMFORT IN  
ANOTHER MAN. YOUR  
FRIEND. AND, WELL,  
HIS PLUMBING  
WORKED. THEIR  
DAUGHTER  
ALMOST MADE  
THEM FORGET  
YOU.



WHAT  
DID THEY CARE  
ABOUT YOU, AFTER  
ALL? THEY HAD  
EACH OTHER. TO  
CHERISH. TO  
LUST AFTER.  
TO LOVE!



AN INFINITY AWAY,  
IN THE BLEAKNESS OF  
HELL'S EIGHTH LEVEL,  
A KING CACKLES.





EMPIRE